



The Mariners' Advocate

VOLUME VI.

DECEMBER, 1904.

NUMBER 9.

PUBLISHED

BY THE

Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society,
11 North Square, Boston, Mass.

Committee on Printing,
HORACE P. CHANDLER, Chairman.

All communications for *The Mariners' Advocate*, including requests for back and current numbers, should be addressed to George L. Small, Mariners' House, 11 North Square, Boston, Mass., U.S.

Happy New Year

Now Ready.

LIFE OF FATHER TAYLOR, The Sailor Preacher.

A handsome book of 544 pages, containing many interesting anecdotes of this famous preacher, with articles by Rev. C. A. Bartol and Walt Whitman. The volume is fully illustrated, including portraits of Father Taylor and Mother Taylor, Mariners' House, exterior and interior views. The price is \$1.50, postpaid. Copies may be ordered of

HORACE P. CHANDLER,
Corresponding Secretary.

Boston Port and Seamen's Aid Society,
11 North Square, Boston, Mass.

Also on sale at

THE OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE,
27 and 29 Bromfield St., Boston.

HAVE YOU READ IT?

LIFE OF FATHER TAYLOR.
THE SAILOR PREACHER.

Every Ship's Library should have a copy, and every Officer and every Sailor should read this most interesting biography of a man who was a Sailor, and who knew a Sailor "through and through from clew to earing."

Father Taylor's Life.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

Frank Benjamin Sanborn writes thus interestingly and reminiscently in the *Springfield Republican*:—

Two Taylors, in two distant ages born,
Old London and old Boston did adorn;
In learning and book-writing one did shine,
The other thundered in th' extempore line;
Which the more eloquent and sound divine?

By a singular good fortune, a new life of Jeremy Taylor comes before me just as the reprint of Bishop Haven's life of Father Taylor of the Boston Bethel, published, with many additions, by the Boston Port Society, is sent me for review. I reviewed it when it first came out in 1871-2, but there is much to add and to be considered since then. Of Jeremy Taylor, the son of a Cambridge barber, the foster-child of Laud, and the husband of an alleged daughter of Charles I., much has been written, and will continue to be. . . . It seems that he, like Edward Taylor, of Virginia and Boston, was apt to be inconsistent in his successive utterances, or even in the same discourse. . . .

Father Taylor had the same inconsistency; but it did not arise from worldly prudence or lightness of mind, rather from his susceptibility to the strong impression of the moment, for which his unusual facility of

expression readily furnished the corresponding utterance. He was born at Richmond, Va., in 1793; Jeremy Taylor at English Cambridge in 1613, or a year earlier. Five generations of men separated them in time (180 years), but a far greater distance in education and earthly fortune. The Englishman was a precocious scholar, pedobaptized in all the learning of the ancients and all the casuistry and logic of the Schoolmen. He was a famous preacher at 25, and had a parish, at Laud's initiative, even earlier (1637), while Edward Taylor ran away to sea as a boy, and could not read easily at one-and-twenty, when, according to the legend, the Widow Sweetser, of Saugus, took him in from his peddling and taught him to read. He went to a Methodist school at Newmarket, N.H., in 1817, for a short time, but could not make much progress in book-learning. In his early preaching he was impassioned and rude of speech. He said he used to "open the door a little, and let them smell hell." Jeremy Taylor did the same in his famous sermon on 2 Corinthians v. 10.

This Shakespeare of divines lived to be but little older than Shakespeare, dying in 1667, at the probable age of 55. Our Father Taylor lived to be 78, and was a preacher about half a century. His life has been enriched by additions since Bishop Haven published it in 1871, among them Dr. Bartol's eulogy of Taylor and Walt Whitman's account of his sermon's in 1860, when Whitman was in Boston printing at Thayer & Eldridge's his second or third edition of "Leaves of Grass." But there is one mention of Taylor in the *Levant* which has escaped Mr. Chandler, the present editor, who says, "His trip to Palestine he often dwelt upon in sermons, but no written record remains." Well, here is one, written down by the Englishman Paton, and printed in his "Researches on the Danube and Adriatic," published at Leipsic in 1861, but covering 20 years from 1839 onward. This incident was in the winter of 1842-3, when Taylor was almost 50:—

The most remarkable of our fellow-passengers was an American Presbyterian (?) clergyman, with furibund dilated nostril and a terrific frown. "You must lose Canada," said he to me one day, abruptly, "ay, and Bermuda into the bargain."

"I think you had better round off your

acquisitions with a few odd West India islands."

"We have stomach enough for that, too."

"I hear you have been to Jerusalem."

"Yes: I went to recover my voice, which I lost; for I have one of the largest congregations in Boston."

"But, my good friend, you breathe nothing but war and conquest."

"The fact is, war is as unavoidable as thunder and lightning: the atmosphere must be cleared from time to time."

"Were you ever a soldier?"

"No, I was in the American navy. Many a day I was after John Bull on the shores of Newfoundland."

"After John Bull?"

"Yes, sir, sweating after him. I delight in energy. Give me the man who will shoulder a millstone if need be."

"The capture of Canada, Bermuda, and a few West India islands would certainly give scope for your energy. That would be taking the bull by the horns."

"Swinging him by the tail, say I."

The burlesque vigor of his illustrations sometimes ran to anti-climax. One day he talked of something—if I recollect right, the electric telegraph—moving with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, with a pair of spurs clapped into it. In spite of all this ultranational bluster, we found him to be a very good sort of man, having nothing of the bear but the skin, and, in the test of quarantine arrangements, the least selfish of the party. One day he passed from politics to religion.

"I am fond of fun. I think it is the sign of a clear conscience. My life has been spent among Sailors. I have begun with many a bluejacket hail-fellow-well-met in my own rough way, and have ended in weaning him from wicked courses. None of your gloomy religion for me. When I see a man whose religion makes him melancholy and averse from gayety, I tell him his God must be my devil."

The originality of this gentleman's intellect and manners led me subsequently to make further inquiries, and I find one of his sermons reported by a recent traveller.

It does not appear who this recent traveller was,—not Dickens, however, for the sermon is unlike that reported by Dickens soon after Father Taylor's return from Jerusalem, January 29, 1843. Of his earlier life in Boston Mrs. Horace Mann gave an

account to his daughter Dora, in course of which she said:—

R. W. Emerson was (1829-32) settled over the North Society; and all through that experience of his, which ended in his leaving the parish and the settled ministry, your father understood him when so many maligned him. Your father did not agree with his view of the Lord's Supper,—that it was a thing of the past, and no longer appropriate,—for he gave great significance and value to it. But he would not let the suggestion pass [that Emerson was insane]. He said: "Mr. Emerson might think this or that, but he was more like Jesus Christ than any one he had ever known. He had seen him where his religion was tested, and it bore the test." He and Emerson did a great work together in those days, each working in his own sphere, often encountering each other in souls as well as in charities.

Emerson was equally loyal to his high estimate of Taylor, and once told me that, when any real preacher came to his grandfather's church in Concord, "such as Edward Taylor," he broke his usual custom, and went to hear him. So did many others who did not take Methodism literally, but knew and recognized piety wherever it showed itself in fervor and humility. The latter was not exactly Taylor's grace, but he despised theology in comparison with religion. Whitman's account of him is quoted by Mr. Chandler. He said:—

Father Taylor was a moderate-sized man, indeed almost small (reminded me of old Booth, the great actor, and my favorite of those and preceding days), well advanced in years, but alert, with mild blue or gray eyes, and good presence and voice. In the course of the sermon,—there was no sign of any manuscript or reading from notes,—some of the parts would be in the highest degree majestic and picturesque. Colloquial in a severe sense, it often leaned to Biblical and Oriental forms. Especially were allusions to Ships and the ocean and Sailors' lives of unrivalled power and lifelikeness. When he preached or prayed, the rhetoric and art, the mere words (which usually play such a big part), seemed altogether to disappear; and the live feeling advanced upon you and seized you with a power before unknown. Everybody felt this marvellous and awful influence. One young Sailor, a Rhode Islander, who came

every Sunday and I got acquainted with and talked to once or twice as we went away, told me, "That must be the Holy Ghost we read of in the Testament." Hearing such men sends to the winds all the books and formulas and polished speaking and rules of oratory.

There was a charming inconsistency in Father Taylor, as in Jeremy and in Augustine, who declared that "the thing called Christianity had always been in the world." Dr. Bartol, arguing with Taylor about perfection, asked "if anybody had ever been as good as Jesus?" "Millions," said the old Christian,—"an answer," adds Bartol, "which against my testimony Unitarians and Methodists discredit and try to explain away." Of Emerson he said to Bartol, "There is a screw loose somewhere; but I have laid my ear close to his heart, and could never detect any jar in the machinery. He must go to heaven, for Satan would not know what to do with him. He would change the climate of hell, and the emigration would set that way." Father Taylor's life is far more interesting than Mr. Worley makes his bishop's. There is more of the man and less of the priest.

Science in the Arctic.

A station which is to be maintained at the service of scientific observers has been erected 130 miles north of the Arctic Circle in Sweden. It is near the track of the Ofoten Railroad, the most northern railroad in the world, which was opened just a year ago, between Luleä, on the Gulf of Bothnia, and Victoria Haven, on the Atlantic. This road is being operated the year round for the transportation of iron ore to the Atlantic for shipment. The station may thus easily be reached at any season of the year. It has been erected at the little settlement of Wassijaure, only a mile and a half from the Norwegian boundary. Here scientific men will have their first opportunity to investigate polar phenomena under comfortable conditions and at small expense. In Summer they will be engaged chiefly with geological and biological researches, while meteorological, magnetic, and other studies fitting the time will occupy them in Winter. The experts in natural history who will occupy the station next Summer will be the geologist Westergren, the entomologist Hag-

lund, the botanist Roman, and an expert in forestry. The money to build the station was contributed by a wealthy man of Stockholm, and funds for its maintenance have been supplied by other private subscriptions. The station is on the threshold of Lapland, which is still almost unknown because it has been so difficult to reach it with supplies adequate for a long journey. The railroad and station will facilitate the exploration of this region. The study of its geology promises particularly rich results, for there is little doubt that the bleak surface of Lapland conceals large mineral wealth. This is the opinion of all scientific men who connect what is known of its geology with the great discoveries of the richest of steel-making ores along the line of the railroad. The Arctic railroad is also to serve another important purpose. Plans have already been adopted for building a sanitarium on the shores of the beautiful Torneä Lake, whose southern edge is skirted by the railroad. It is intended for consumptives and other patients who may need such an opportunity to breathe the purest of Arctic air.

Passenger Elevators aboard Ship.

The Hamburg-American Line has announced a number of novelties in the construction of their new monster Ships, the "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria" and the "America," building respectively at the Vulcan works at Stettin and the yards of Harland & Wolff, Belfast. Each of the liners, says the *Nautical Gazette*, will have a grill room of the proportions of a modern *à la carte* restaurant, and passengers may dine when they please and may arrange luncheon and dinner parties for friends whom they may meet on board. There will be no upper berths in the first cabin staterooms, which will be larger than those of the average big liner, some having the unusual dimensions of 10 by 17 ft. There will be passenger elevators running through all the five stories, or decks, where there are passenger accommodations, Turkish baths, and a large gymnasium. There is no appreciable difference between the two ships except the length, beam, and depth. The "Kaiserin" is the larger, being 705 ft. long, of 77 ft. beam, 53 ft. 9 in. deep, and displacing about 40,000 tons, with a cargo capacity of 16,000 tons. She will carry 600 first cabin, 300

second cabin, 250 third class, and 2,139 steerage passengers. Each Ship will have three promenade decks, one of which will be reserved exclusively for promenading, while the others will be used for folks who want to take their ease in deck chairs. The time of the Ships between this port and Plymouth or Cherbourg will be, it is expected, about seven days and a half. The "America" will be in commission next August, and the "Kaiserin" in the spring of 1906.

An Honored Name.

A passenger steamer recently launched, and owned by the Wilmington Transportation Company of Los Angeles, has been named the "Cabrillo" after Juan Rodriques Cabrillo, the intrepid sixteenth-century mariner who discovered California. This Portuguese explorer, after an eventful six-months voyage, during which he encountered severe storms, losing portions of his sails, and running short of provisions and fresh water, brought his craft into San Diego Bay in September, 1542. Funds are now being raised to erect a monument to his memory.

Different Kinds of Days.

Five kinds of days are recognized, and it has been said that the word "day" has no real meaning without an adjective defining what kind of day is meant. There is a civil day, the astronomical day, the apparent solar day, the mean solar day, and the sidereal day. The civil day begins at the midnight preceding mean noon, and consists of twenty-four hours counted after twelve o'clock: the astronomical day begins twelve hours after the civil day, or at the mean noon of the corresponding civil day. These hours are reckoned from 0 to 24. It will be seen, therefore, that while 10 hours 12 minutes, January 1, astronomical time, is also 10 hours 12 minutes, January 1, civil time, yet 22 hours 12 minutes, January 1, astronomical time is also 10 hours 12 minutes A.M., January 2, civil time. There are many anomalies growing out of this use of the civil day, and there are many arguments in favor of using the astronomical day. It is one of the reforms which undoubtedly will come some time